



I TOUCH THE SKY BENEATH MY FEET

by Eddie Coleman

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CAST

Jacqui, early 20s

Diane, 40s

I touch the sky beneath my feet

(St James's Park. A summer evening, around 6pm. Diane and Jacqui are sitting on a rug having a picnic. Diane, late-40s and slightly frumpy, sips a glass of red wine. She seems distracted. Jacqui, early 20s and pretty, witters on)

Jacqui: *(Mid-witter)*...And of course we just have to have everything, even though we haven't got any money between us but that's what credit cards are for, aren't they? And store cards too. I mean it's our first home, it's got to look nice, hasn't it? You know what it's like when you're setting up your first home. You need loads of things. New curtains, new covers, even a new toilet seat. Seriously! The one she had was so hard it made my bum sore after two minutes! *(Beat)* This is good wine, nice choice Di. Here, have a top up.

(Diane holds out her glass and Jacqui pours)

But Mike and I weren't going to complain about a toilet seat. The old dear wouldn't have sold us the house if we complained about her toilet seat. Mike said we'll change it once we're in. And we did. Brand new toilet seat in beige with matching toilet roll holder. How sad are we? *(Beat)* This is really nice wine. Thanks for buying it. I would have...but Mike and I are watching our money.

(She takes another drink)

Mike's a great bloke. He loves our house. He loves living with me. And I love living with him. *(Beat)* I feel a bit guilty, feel I ought to be there now, in my house, after all that money we paid for it...but this picnic idea of yours was nice...just the two of us. A chance to catch up, eh? It's so hard to talk with Hodges breathing down me neck every five minutes. "Have you typed that report yet?", "Where's that report?" He gets right on my tits.

(Diane looks at her watch)

Mike's out with his work mates tonight so we don't have to rush off unless you need to catch your train.

(Diane sneezes)

Oh, bless you. Hay fever? Mike gets it quite bad. But he takes tablets and he's fine. Got a drawer full of medicines at home...keep them in me new kitchen, just like mum does in her house. Everything from -

(Without warning, Diane quickly lays on her back, puts her head on the ground and raises her bottom into the air so that her legs are almost behind her ears. (Think Yoga and the 'plough' position)

Oi, Di, what you doing?

Diane: I want to see the sky.

Jacqui: You're showing your knickers!

Diane: Am I?

(Jacqui rushes forward and tries to cover Diane's knickers up as best she can)

Jacqui: You've had too much wine.

Diane: World's upside down.

Jacqui: You'll be sick.

Diane: I can see the sky through my legs.

Jacqui: Great. Just don't throw up.

Diane: Feels good...rush of blood to my head.

Jacqui: Please don't throw up!

Diane: I won't.

Jacqui: Get up.

(Diane adjust her legs so that her legs, feet and toes are now pointing upwards)

Diane: I can touch the sky with my feet and toes.

Jacqui: Good for you.

Diane: I'm standing on the sky.

Jacqui: Di, you're beginning to worry me.

Diane: It's within reach, Jacquie...like my freedom.

Jacqui: Come on, come down from the sky.

Diane: I want to be free.

Jacqui; Come on. You don't want to leave footprints in the sky. God won't be happy. What am I saying? *(Diane slowly eases herself into an upright position. She's a little dazed)* What was that all about?

Diane: Felt the urge.

Jacqui: Wasn't nice. I was right in the middle of telling you about my medicine drawer when you...*(Notices Diane becoming emotional)* What is it?

Diane: Just suddenly feeling...it'll pass.

(Jacqui goes and gives Diane a hug. Pause)

Jacqui: Hugs always work. Mum swears by them. Feel better?

Diane: Much.

(They come out of the hug. Pause)

I want to leave my husband.

Jacqui: I thought you and Ken were...

Diane: We're not. He's seeing someone.

Jacqui: Shit!

Diane: Got hold of his phone the other night while he was in the shower. There were texts declaring his love and other sordid things to someone called J. I also found hotel receipts.

Jacqui: You should have it out with him.

Diane: I keep having it out with him. It's no use. He doesn't want me anymore.

Jacqui: It could just be a fling.

Diane: It's over. Him and me.

(Pause)

Jacqui: This is lovely wine.

Diane: We've finished the bottle. *(Beat then pulls out another bottle)*. I was saving this for later but sod it, let's open it now.

(Diane picks up a corkscrew and opens begins to open the bottle)

Jacqui: If you're sure?

Diane: Very sure. And it's Diane not Di.

Jacqui: Sorry. *(awkward pause)* That's good wine and that's lovely cheese. You're very classy, you know that. I might get you to teach me about good food and wine. Then when you come and visit us in our house in Chatham, we can give you some proper food.

(Diane pours some wine into both their glasses)

You will come and visit us, won't you? I don't know many people in Chatham.

Diane: You've only just moved there.